GOLD KEY
10134-606
JUNE

THE MUNSTERS

12c

The MUNSTERS

Herman's green thumb grows a clinging vine that has people climbing the walls!

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THE MUNSTERS

Lily and Herman, the ideal couple

The MUNSTERS
POISON TO POISON
HERMAN... WHAT A LOVELY BOUQUET! FOR ME?
NO, DEAR... I'M GOING TO ENTER THEM IN THE FLOWER SHOW!
POISON IVY
POISON OAK
THIS IS FOR YOU, LILY! ANOTHER ONE OF MY GARDENING DELIGHTS: "CREAM OF WEED"!
WHAT A DIVINE CORSAGE!
HE CERTAINLY HAS A WAY WITH FLOWERS, GRANDPA!
YES... ESPECIALLY WHEN IT COMES TO PUSHING UP DAISIES!

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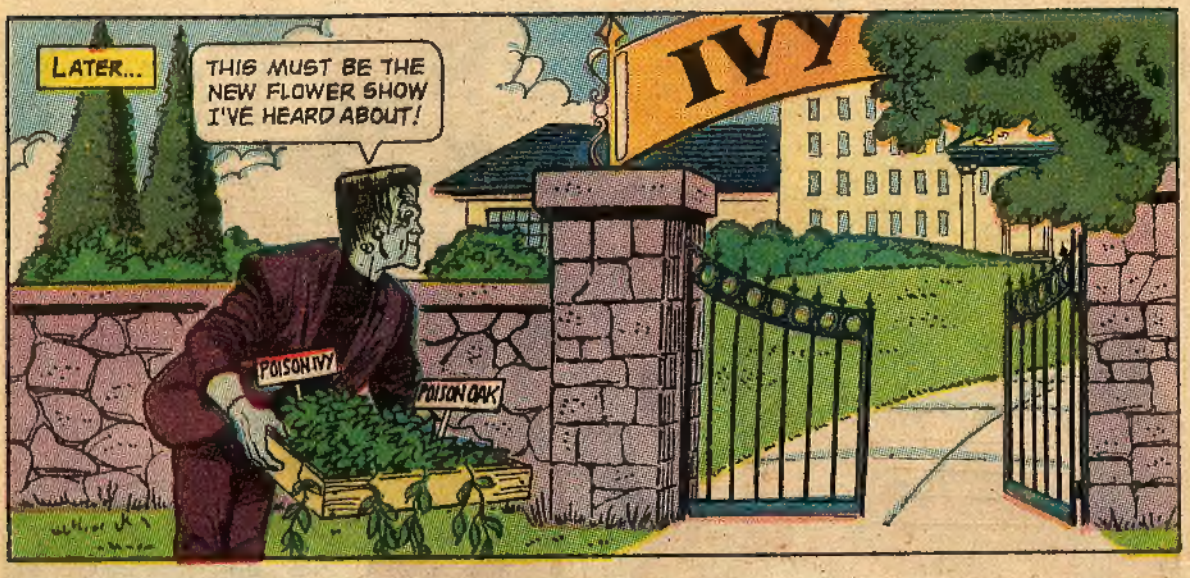
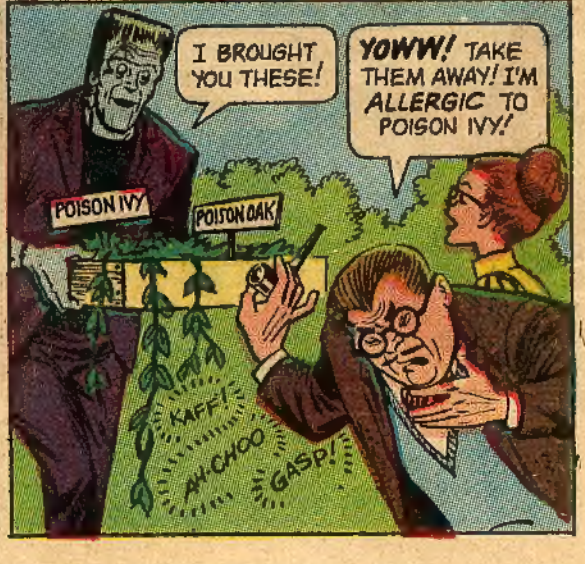

LATER...
THIS MUST BE THE NEW FLOWER SHOW I'VE HEARD ABOUT!
IVY
POISON IVY
POISON OAK

;GROAN;- OPENING DAY OF OUR NEW COLLEGE... AND OUR BOTANY INSTRUCTOR, PROFESSOR DIMBULB HASN'T SHOWN UP YET!
HAVE YOU EVER MET HIM, MR. PRESIDENT?

NO! NEITHER HAS ANYONE ELSE ON THE FACULTY! IF HE' DOESN'T SHOW UP, I'LL COLLAPSE!

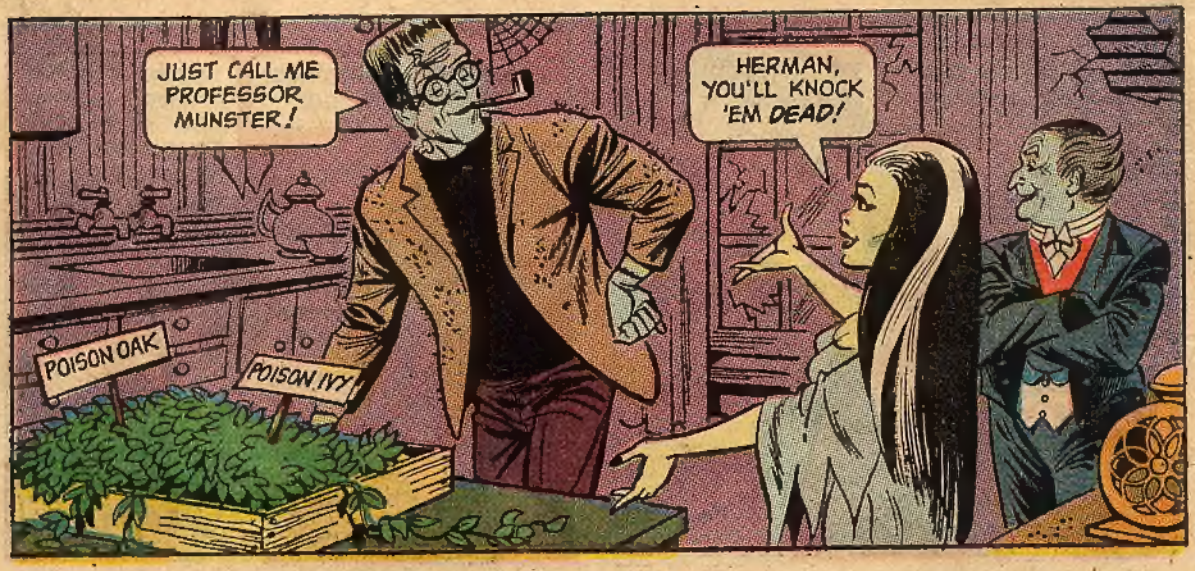
WELL, HERE I AM!
AGHHH! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

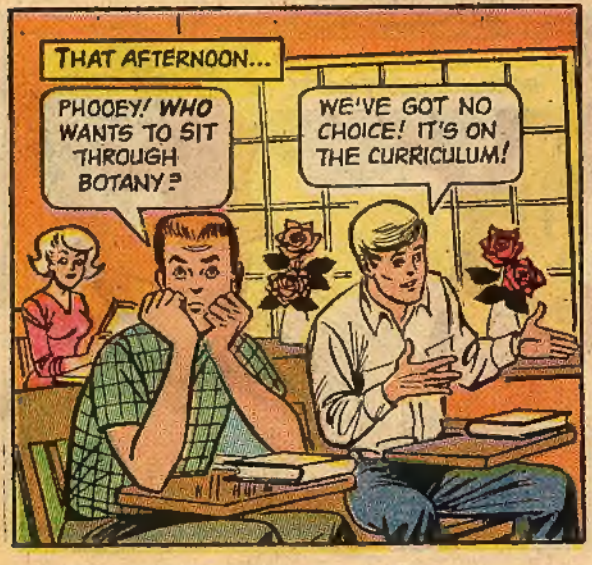

I BROUGHT YOU THESE!
YOWW! TAKE THEM AWAY! I'M ALLERGIC TO POISON IVY!
POISON IVY
POISON OAK
KAFF!
AH-CHOO
GASP!

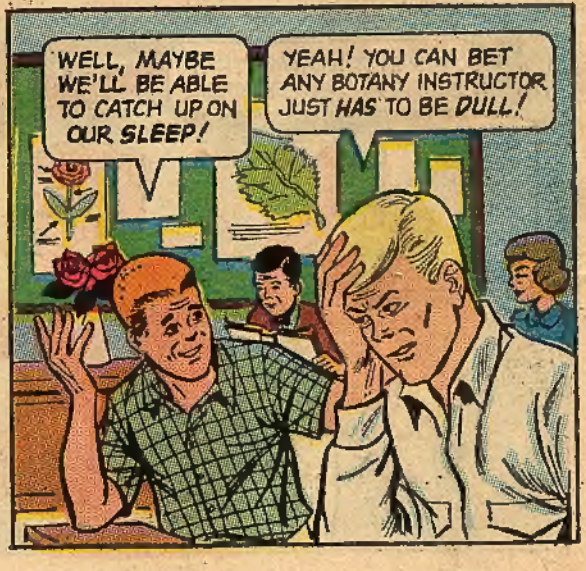
SIR... THIS MUST BE PROFESSOR DIMBULB! THEY SAY HE'S A GREAT PRACTICAL JOKER!
IMAGINE SHOWING UP AT CLASS IN A HALLOWEEN MASK!
POISON OAK
PERHAPS WE COULD USE A LITTLE LEVITY! AFTER ALL, WE DON'T WANT IVY COLLEGE TO BE A STUFFY SCHOOL!
SCHOOL? THIS IS A SCHOOL?
IVY COLLEGE
POISON OAK
POISON IVY
WHAT DID YOU THINK IT WAS... A FLOWER SHOW?
WHEN WILL YOU BE ABLE TO START TEACHING?
AN-ANYTIME YOU SAY!
BEGIN THIS AFTERNOON WITH ONE OF YOUR FAMOUS BOTANY LECTURES!
POISON IVY
POISON OAK
AND THROW AWAY THAT STUPID HALLOWEEN MASK!
NOW, NOW, SIR, LET PROFESSOR DIMBULB HAVE HIS LITTLE JOKE!
THEY WANT ME TO TEACH! RECOGNITION AT LAST!

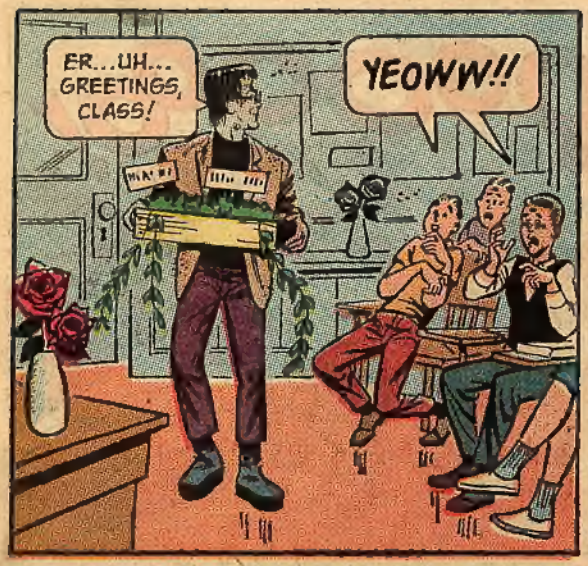
HOW DID THE FLOWER SHOW GO?
THERE IS NO FLOWER SHOW! IT'S A COLLEGE... AND THEY WANT ME TO TEACH HOW I GROW BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOMS LIKE THIS!

I'LL STOP BY LATER TO HELP OUT! I'VE BEEN INTERESTED IN FLOWERS EVER SINCE SOMEBODY SENT ME A BIG DISPLAY MARKED R.I.P.!
THAT'S RIGHT, GRANDPA! YOU ARE AN EXPERT IN... LILIES!


JUST CALL ME PROFESSOR MUNSTER!
HERMAN, YOU'LL KNOCK 'EM DEAD!
POISON OAK
POISON IVY

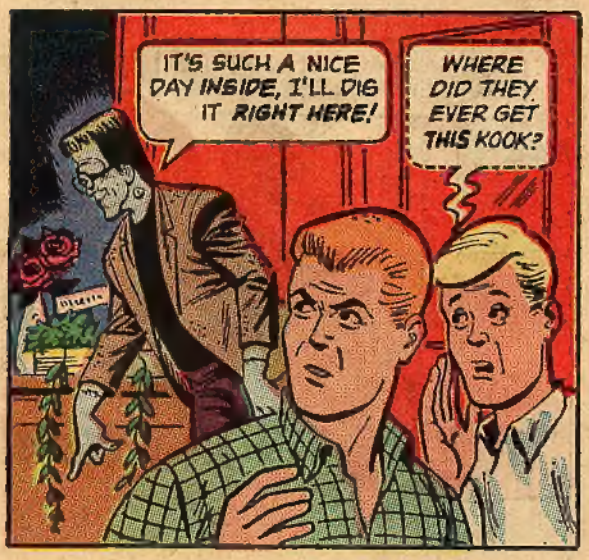

THAT AFTERNOON...
PHOOEY! WHO WANTS TO SIT THROUGH BOTANY?
WE'VE GOT NO CHOICE! IT'S ON THE CURRICULUM!

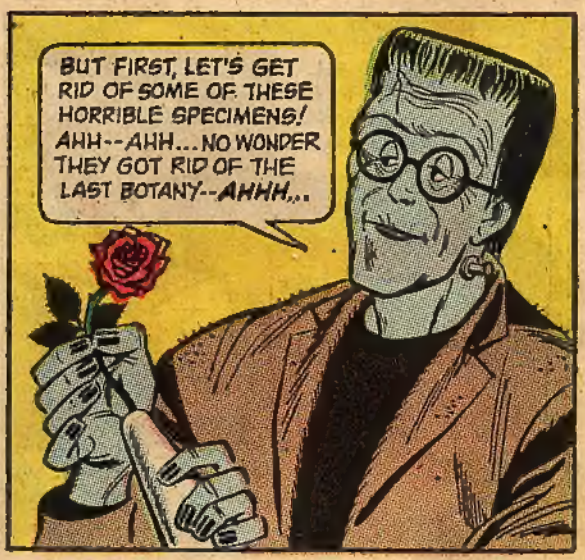

WELL, MAYBE WE'LL BE ABLE TO CATCH UP ON OUR SLEEP!
YEAH! YOU CAN BET ANY BOTANY INSTRUCTOR JUST HAS TO BE DULL!

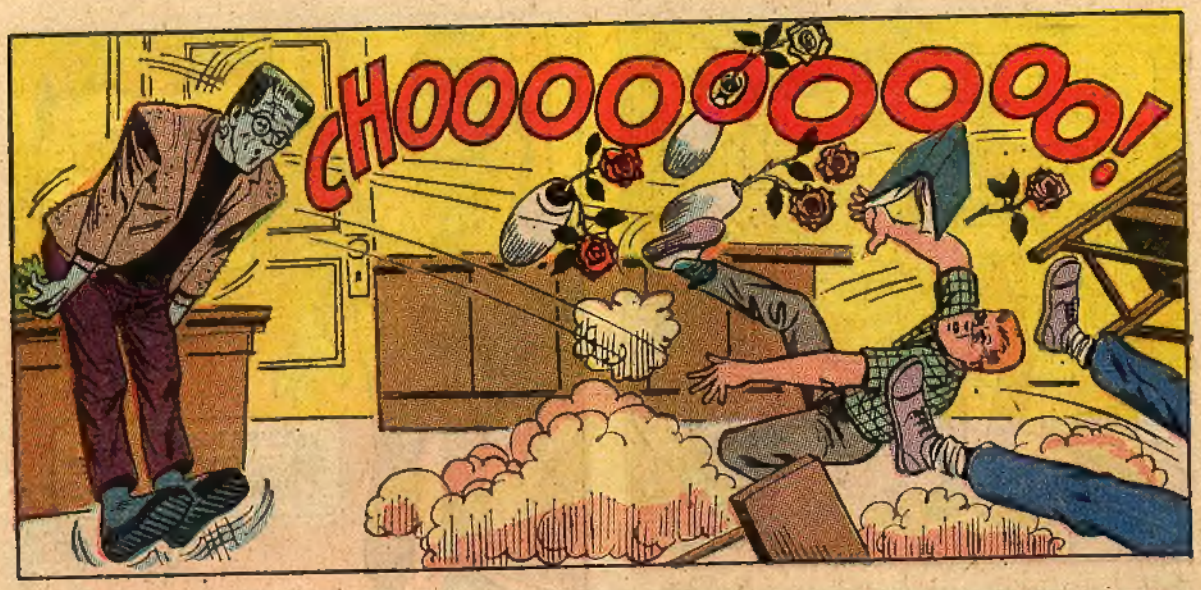

ER...UH... GREETINGS, CLASS!
YEOWW!!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE'D BE ABLE TO SLEEP!
MAYBE WE'RE SLEEPING! AND WE'RE HAVING A NIGHTMARE ALREADY!

FIRST OFF, TO GROW PRIZE WINNERS LIKE THESE, YOU NEED TO DIG A HOLE...PREFERABLY SIX FEET DEEP!


IT'S SUCH A NICE DAY INSIDE, I'LL DIG IT RIGHT HERE!
WHERE DID THEY EVER GET THIS KOOK?


BUT FIRST, LET'S GET RID OF SOME OF THESE HORRIBLE SPECIMENS! AHH--AHH... NO WONDER THEY GOT RID OF THE LAST BOTANY--AHHH...


CHOOOOOOOOO!

SAY, THAT'S NICE OF YOU... I WAS JUST GOING TO ASK EVERYONE TO STAND BACK AND GIVE ME ROOM!

ALWAYS BE SURE TO CALL A SPADE A SPADE, MAINLY ;CHUCKLE; BECAUSE...WELL, WHAT ELSE CAN YOU CALL IT?

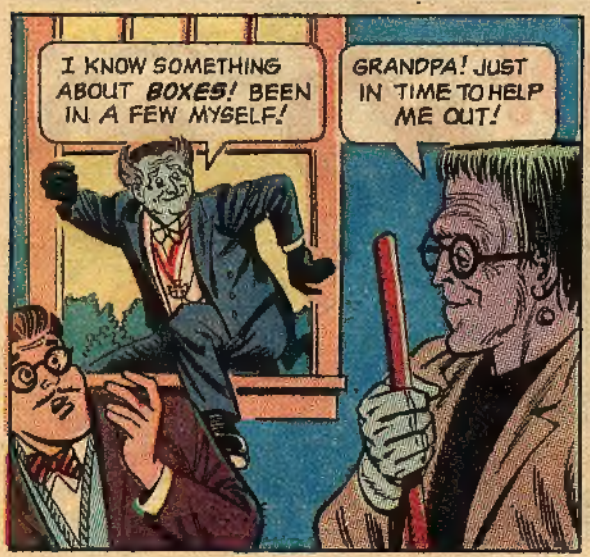
I HOPE YOU'RE ALL TAKING NOTES! THIS MIGHT WELL APPEAR ON YOUR FINAL EXAM!

LET'S HAVE A LOOK IN ON THE ;UGH; NEW BOTANY PROFESSOR!
BOTANY

YOU'LL FIND DIGGING HOLES A LOT OF FUN! I'VE BEEN DOING IT FOR YEARS!
AWK!
BONK!
BOP!
TODAY

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
JUST SHOWING THE KIDS HOW TO DO A LITTLE PLANTING!

INDOORS?
I GUESS HE MEANS LIKE A WINDOW BOX!


I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT BOXES! BEEN IN A FEW MYSELF!
GRANDPA! JUST IN TIME TO HELP ME OUT!

THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO SEE A LITTLE PLANT I WHIPPED UP! IT'S CALLED "THE CLINKING VINE"!

WH-WHY DO YOU CALL IT "A CLINK-ING VINE"?
BECAUSE IT CLINKS!
CLINK! CLINK! CLINK!
...AND TO A MAMBO BEAT NO LESS! CARE TO DANCE?
VE-VERY UNUSUAL PLANT!
CLINK! CLINK! CLINK!
THE ONLY THING THAT KEPT IT FROM BEING POPULAR IS THAT IT GROWS INSIDE THE BUILDING INSTEAD OF OUTSIDE!
CLINK! CLINK! CLINK!
NOTICE HOW IT SWEEPS EVERY-THING ALONG IN ITS PATH!
HALP!
CLINK!
CLINK!
CLINK!
POISON IVY
POISON GAS
CLINK! CLINK!
THUD!
CLINK!
POISON IVY

SEE WHAT I MEAN?
CLINK! CLINK!
HOW DO YOU STOP IT?
POISON
SEARCH ME! KNOW ANY GOOD BOTANY PROFESSORS?
I'M ONE! MY NAME IS PROFESSOR DIMBULB!
I THOUGHT HE WAS PROFESSOR DIMBULB!
WHAT PROOF HAVE YOU?
SHAKE HANDS!
YOW!! AN ELECTRIC BUZZER!
SEE? THE REAL PROFESSOR DIMBULB IS A NOTORIOUS PRACTICAL JOKER!
BZZZZZZ
THEN, . . WHO ARE YOU?
HERMAN MUNSTER! HOW DO YOU LIKE ME SO FAR?

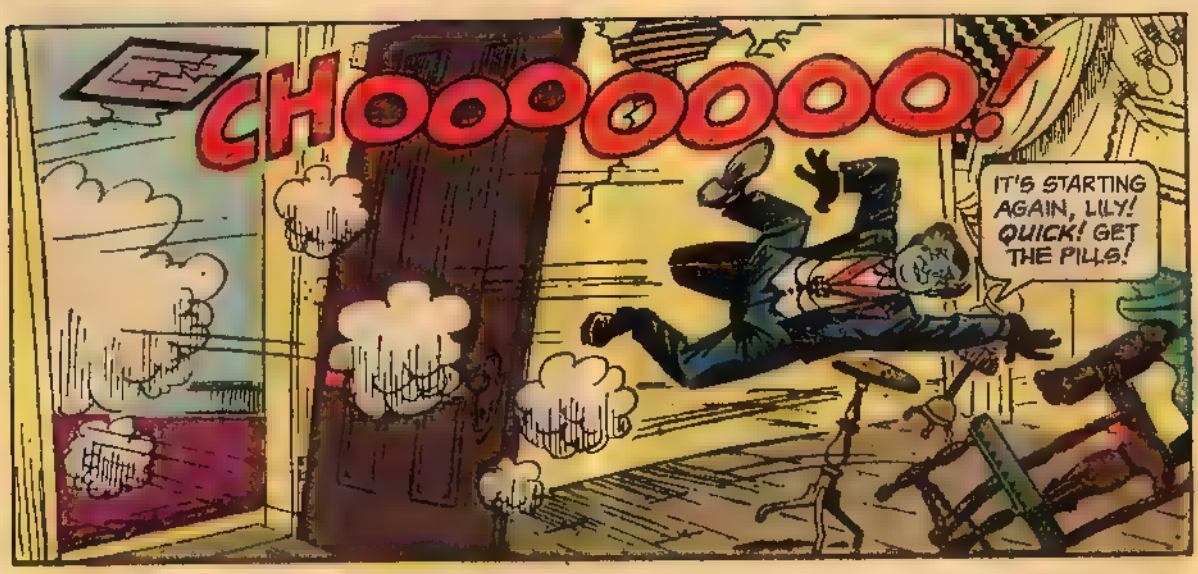
GET OUT OF HERE, YOU IMPOSTOR!
WHAT ABOUT MY LOVELY POISON OAK AND POISON IVY PLANTS?
WE'LL MAIL THEM TO YOU-- IF WE EVER FIND THEM AGAIN!
OH, YOU'LL FIND THEM! YOU'RE--UH-- STANDING IN THEM!
NYAAAH!
POISON IVY
POISON OAK
;GROAN;: I SHOULD'VE KNOWN: NEVER TRUST A MAN WHO WEARS A HALLOWEEN MASK WHEN IT'S NOT HALLOWEEN!
WHERE SHALL I BEGIN, SIR?
CLEAR THE VINES OUT OF THE SCHOOL, NOODNIK!
...AND I THOUGHT I WAS THE KING OF THE PRACTICAL JOKERS!

LATER...
YOU KNOW, LILY, {SNIFFLE} I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD! I THINK I'VE CAUGHT A COLD! {SNIFFLE}
GO RIGHT TO BED, HERMAN! I'LL CALL A DOCTOR!

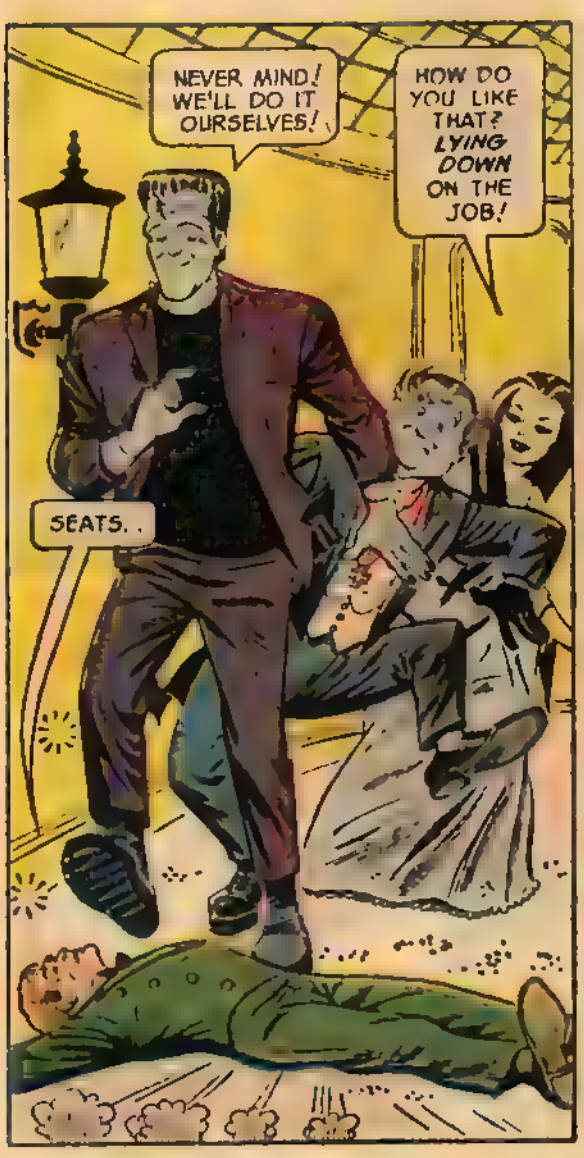
MR. MUNSTER HAS ROSE FEVER! NOTHING SERIOUS! THESE PILLS WILL KEEP IT IN CHECK! JUST GIVE HIM A PILL EVERY HOUR UNTIL IT GOES AWAY!

YOU'RE LOOKING BETTER, HERMAN! I GUESS THOSE PILLS DID THE TRICK!
I'M FEELING BETTER, TOO!... BUT I'M DIS-APPOINTED I COULDN'T KEEP MY COLLEGE JOB!

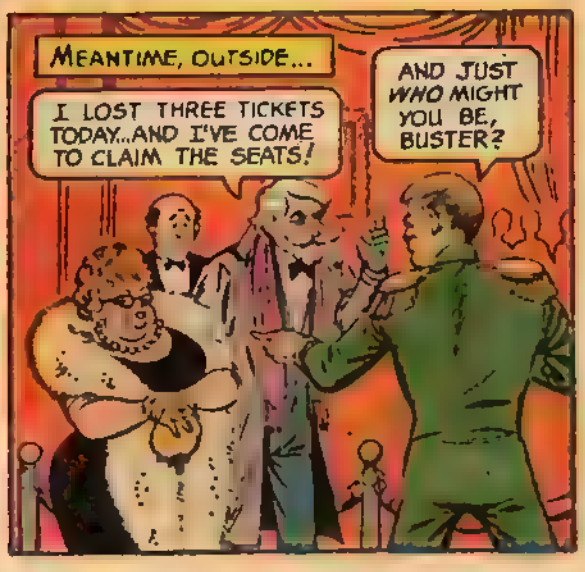
AW, YOU'RE JUST AS WELL OFF! TEACHING AT COLLEGE IS NO BED OF ROSES!
ROSES! AHH-HH-- AH-H-H...

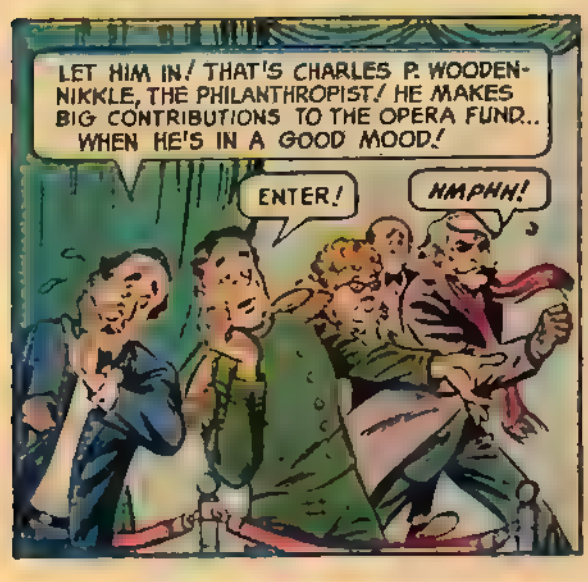

CHOOOOOOOO!
IT'S STARTING AGAIN, LILY! QUICK! GET THE PILLS!

The MUNSTERS
STAGE FRIGHT
LILY... GRANDPA... I FOUND THESE TICKETS FOR THE OPERA ON THE SIDEWALK! WE'RE GOING!
I MUST WEAR SOMETHING GAY!
OBITUARIES
DAILY
LATER...
BUT, HERMAN! YOU KNOW I ALWAYS FALL ASLEEP AT THE OPERA!
TUT, TUT, GRANDPA!
HELLO, FELLOW MUSIC LOVERS!
TONIGHT WAGNER TRISTA
AGGHHH!
THEY MUST BE CRITICS! NOTICE THE LOOK OF ANGUISH ON THEIR FACES?
I'VE HEARD OF OPERA BRINGING OUT THE ECCENTRICS, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
IF THEY HAVE TICKETS, LET THEM (UGH!) IN!
I'M THE USHER! MAY I SHOW YOU TO YOUR... OOOOUGHHH!


NEVER MIND! WE'LL DO IT OURSELVES!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? LYING DOWN ON THE JOB!
SEATS. .

MY GOODNESS ... A BOX! AREN'T YOU IMPRESSED, GRANDPA?
NO... I'VE BEEN IN A (AHEM!) BOX BEFORE!


MEANTIME, OUTSIDE...
I LOST THREE TICKETS TODAY...AND I'VE COME TO CLAIM THE SEATS!
AND JUST WHO MIGHT YOU BE, BUSTER?


LET HIM IN! THAT'S CHARLES P. WOODEN-NIKKLE, THE PHILANTHROPIST! HE MAKES BIG CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE OPERA FUND.. WHEN HE'S IN A GOOD MOOD!
ENTER!
NMPHH!

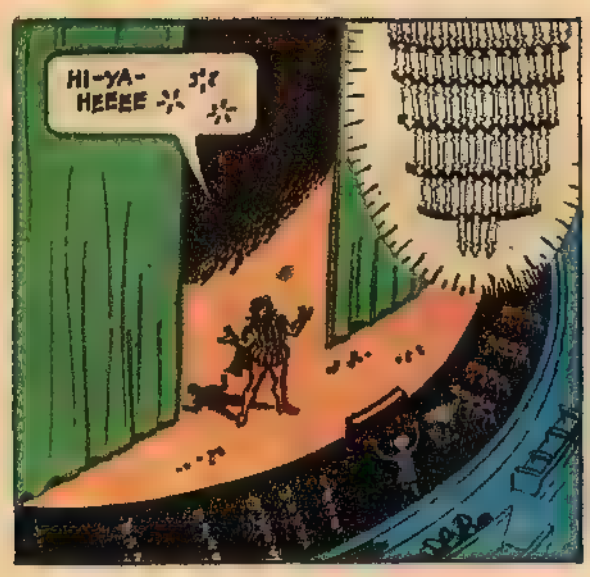
I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE THE SEATS ARE!
CHARLES... WHAT IF SOME-ONE FOUND THE TICKETS... AND IS SITTING IN OUR SEATS?

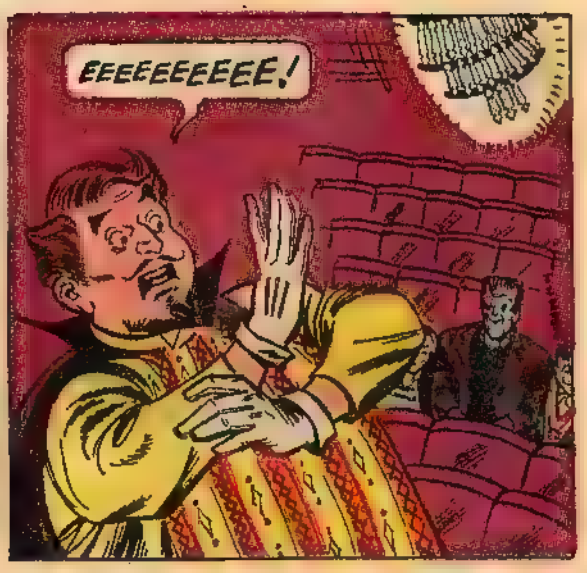
DON'T WORRY, MAY! I'LL HANDLE THE SITUATION WITH STYLE, DELICACY AND GOOD HUMOR!
I'LL KICK 'EM OUT!
AHA! JUST AS I THOUGHT!
WHAT TIME DOES THE SHOW START, HERMAN?
ALL RIGHT, YOU SQUATTERS ... NYAHHHH!
NO THANKS! WE DON'T WANT ANY!
WHO WAS THAT?
THE POPCORN SALESMAN! WHO ELSE?
ZOOM!
MAY! D-D-DON'T LOOK IN THERE, IF YOU VALUE YOUR GLASSES!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, CHARLES?
BOX B

THEY'LL CRACK AT WHAT YOU SEE!
TROUBLE, MR. WOODEN-NIKKLE?
FIRST, I LOSE MY OPERA TICKETS... NOW I FIND A GHASTLY LEGEND COME TRUE!
BOX R
YOU KNOW...THE ONE ABOUT THE GRUESOME MONSTER WHO ROAMS THE OPERA HOUSE... SCARES PEOPLE...AND SAWS THE CHANDELIER DOWN...
OH, YES! I SAW THE MOVIE!
IT'S NO MOVIE! HE'S IN THERE!
WHA...WHO? HERE? TONIGHT? THE MONSTER OF THE OPERA?
GULP! THE MONSTER OF THE OPERA IS HERE TONIGHT! P-PASS IT ON!
T-THE MONSTER OF THE OPERA IS HERE TONIGHT! PASS IT ON!
THE MONSTER OF THE OPERA IS H-HERE TONIGHT! PASS IT ON!

THE MONSTER OF THE OPERA IS HERE TONIGHT! PASS IT... AGHGHHGG!
WHAT DID HE SAY?
SOMETHING ABOUT A "MOBSTER" OF THE OPERA! THOSE GANGSTERS SEEM TO MUSCLE IN ON EVERYTHING!
ZZZZZZ
THE MONSTER!
OOOO!
WE SAW IT!
SEE? PANIC ALREADY!
EVERYBODY'S MOVING!
THEY MUST BE PLAYING MUSICAL CHAIRS!
AND WHY NOT? THIS IS THE OPERA ISN'T IT?
LET'S US PLAY, TOO!
YEEEEEEE! HERE IT COMES!

DON'T LET HIM GET AT THE CHANDELIER!
MARCELLO! THE MONSTER OF THE OPERA IS LOOSE!
SPRITE
YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT PROBLEMS? I'M LOSING MY VOICE!
WE CAN'T LET THE MONSTER OF THE OPERA DISRUPT EVERYTHING! THE SHOW MUST GO ON!
OVERTURE!
HERE'RE SOME NICE EMPTY SEATS! LET'S SIT DOWN!
ALL RIGHT MARCELLO! THIS IS WHERE YOU HIT YOUR HIGH NOTE!
I'LL NEVER MAKE IT!
SPUTTER
KAFF! KAFF!


HI-YA-
HEEEE


EEEEEEEEEE!

CRASH!
YAWN

WHAT A NOTE!
IT BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN!

I TOLD YOU TO WATCH OUT FOR THE CHANDELIER!
...BUT THE MONSTER DIDN'T DO IT! MARCELLO'S HIGH NOTE SHATTERED THE CHAIN!

THIS ISN'T A MONSTER! IT'S A NORMAL HUMAN BEING.. MORE OR LESS!
... AND I CAN'T THINK OF WHEN I'VE ENJOYED THE OPERA MORE!
IN FACT, CHARLES IS GOING TO WRITE A BIG CHECK FOR THE OPERA FUND, RIGHT, CHARLES?
ANYTHING YOU SAY, SWEETIE PIE!
HMM... WHY DON'T YOU COME TO THE OPERA EVERY NIGHT, PAL?
SORRY.. I GUESS I CAN'T...
YOU SEE... GRANDPA KEEPS FALLING ASLEEP AT THE OPERA!
SO WHAT? A LOT OF PEOPLE DO!
ZZZZZZZZ
... BUT DOES IT TAKE THREE HUNDRED YEARS TO WAKE 'EM UP?
ZZZZZZZZ
COME, HERMAN! BACK TO OUR OLD HAUNTS!

A Bat-time Story

A chilling story from the collection of Count Bloodcurdle

THE VIAL OF EVIL

The howling winds drowned out the baying of the ravenous wolves. On the stark countryside the full moon cast an eerie light. Two wary villagers, abroad in the mysterious night, shivered as they passed the gloomy, forbidding walls of Horvacs Castle. All the villagers feared the Castle and its infamous occupant, Baron Vurmstessa. For the sinister Baron practiced the black sciences and he was known to be mad, quite mad. Had the two frightened men known what the Baron was up to this night, they would have quickened their pace and hastened to depart this evil place.

At this very instant, the mad scientist was raising to his lips a vial of a steaming, glowing green liquid. As he swallowed, his eyes glazed over and his hands clutched his throat, dropping the vial which shattered violently on the floor. With a start, his wife Daphne looked up from her ouija board to see the Baron doubled over in pain, his face contorted in agony.

"Heartburn again, dear?" she asked. "I warned you not to eat those pickled dragon claws!"

The Baron's mouth twisted in a sardonic smile. "No, my little zombie," he shuddered, "I just tested my new secret formula for doubling the hairs on my head. It works! I can feel its power surging through my veins! I can sense its forbidden energy growing within me!"

"It's beginning to grow outside, dear."

"I knew it! I knew it! More hair sprouting, eh? Ha ha ha ha ha hah!" And his maniacal laughter echoed against the cold stones of the Castle.

"No," Daphne replied, "perhaps you'd better look in the mirror!"

The mad scientist raced across the room to stare in a looking glass. "Incredible! I've grown a second head! This is my greatest triumph! It's the most significant scientific breakthrough since the invention of the charcoal filter!"

"You've got something there!" said the mad Baron's new head. "With two heads we can think up twice as many inventions. Do you realize what this means?"

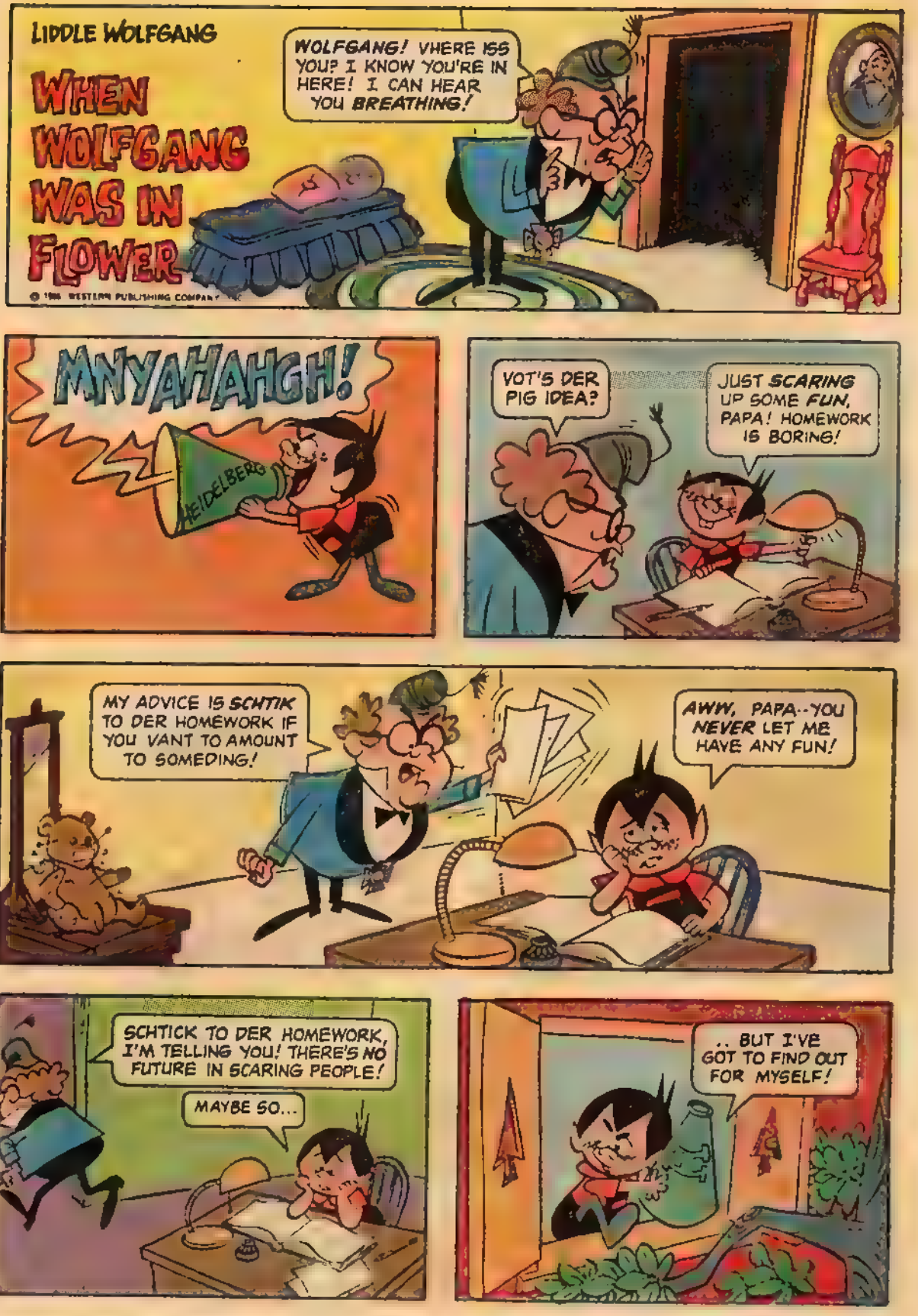
"Yes," Daphne replied, "another mouth to feed!"

"Calm yourself, my little vampire, I—er—we won't neglect you. We'll give you some potion. Then you can have two heads, too. Just think, Daphne, we'd have a foursome for bridge whenever we liked. And we can have our own barbershop quartet!"

Daphne thought quickly. "Very clever, my dear, but remember, you'd have to shave two faces instead of one and brush two sets of teeth after every meal. And when you pass a lady on the street, you'd have to tip two hats. And speaking of tips, you'll have to tip the hat check girl twice. And that's not all! Two income tax returns!"

"Enough! Enough!" shrieked the mad Baron, now madder than ever. "Give me—er—us the antidote, quick!"

If the two frightened villagers had had the courage to look up at gloomy Horvacs Castle, they would have noticed a thin wisp of smoke coming from the north chimney. It was the mad Baron Vurmstessa burning his secret formula.


LIDDLE WOLFGANG
WHEN WOLFGANG WAS IN FLOWER
WOLFGANG! VHERE ISS YOU? I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE! I CAN HEAR YOU BREATHING!
© 1966 WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.
MNYAHAHGH!
HEIDELBERG
VOT'S DER PIG IDEA?
JUST SCARING UP SOME FUN, PAPA! HOMEWORK IS BORING!
MY ADVICE IS SCHTIK TO DER HOMEWORK IF YOU VANT TO AMOUNT TO SOMEDING!
AWW, PAPA--YOU NEVER LET ME HAVE ANY FUN!
SCHTICK TO DER HOMEWORK, I'M TELLING YOU! THERE'S NO FUTURE IN SCARING PEOPLE!
MAYBE SO...
.. BUT I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT FOR MYSELF!

HERE COMES SOMEBODY!
MNYAHAHAHGGHH!
DO DOT AGAIN, SONNY, AND IT GIFFS A PUNCH IN DER YOUNG MOUTH!
GULP
I'LL STRIKE AGAIN!
SCHTOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD DIS ONE: VHY DOES A CHICKEN CROSS DER ROAD?...
...TO GET ON DER UDDER SIDE!
MNYAHAHGGH!
VOT'S SO FUNNY, WOLFGANG? DOT VAS A TERRIBLE CHOKE!
DON'T KNOCK IT! DOT'S DER PIGGEST LAUGH I GOT ALL VEEK!

AWW..I CAN'T SEEM TO SCARE ANY-BODY WITH MY SPOOKY LAUGH .OUTDOORS, THAT IS!
ZUP!
BOP!
VOOPS!
DON'T CHUST STAND THERE, DUMP-BELL!
HELP ME PICK UP DER GROCERIES!
AGGHH! A MIDGET GHOST!
WOLFGANG HAS TURNED INTO A GH-GHOST!
HMM .
IF I CAN SCARE MRS. BADEN-BADEN, I CAN SCARE ANYBODY!
NYAHGH!

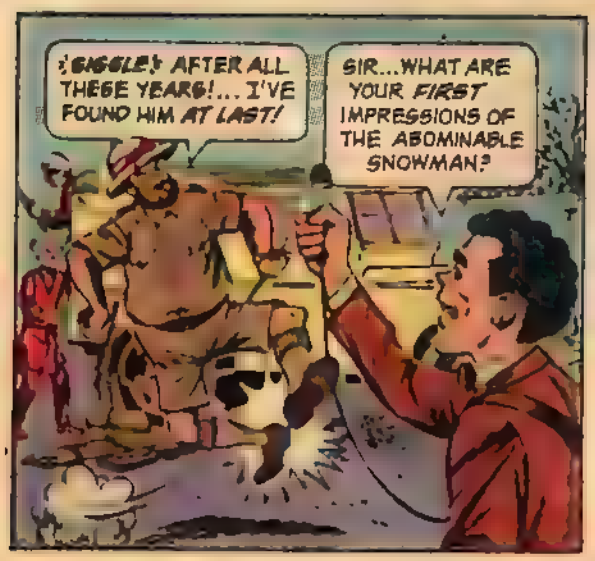
RUN! RUN! IT'S A GHOST!
HEE! HEE! HEE! THIS IS LOTS MORE FUN THAN HOMEWORK!
AWW! IT'S RAINING!
LOOK! DER WHOLE THINK VAS A HOAX!
WOLFGANG! I TOLD YOU TO SCHTIK MIT DER HOMEWORK!
VOOPS!
HEY WHEN THE RAIN MIXED WITH THE FLOUR, IT TURNED TO PASTE!
HEH! HEH! I TOLD YOU TO SCHTIK TO DER HOME-VORK, MY BOY...AND NOW YOU IS SCHTUCK MITT IT!
DER BURGOMASTER

The MUNSTERS
STOP YOU'RE CHILLING ME
WELCOME TO AMERICA, SIR EGBERT WIGGLEBY!
THANK YOU! I AM GLAD TO REST WITH MY STAFF FOR A REST, AFTER MY NINTH UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO FIND THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN IN TIBET!
HERE'S THE QUESTION ALL AMERICA WANTS TO KNOW-- WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP?
NEVER NOT UNTIL I FIND THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN!
DEG R BE HIM!
LEGEND SAYS HE IS "ALL GRUESOME AND BLUE IN THE FACE"
YOU ARE NOW ENTERING MOCKINGBIRD HEIGHTS
AGHHHHH!
CLUNK!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
SCREECH!!
LOOK! THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN!... HERE IN MOCKINGBIRD HEIGHTS!

WHAT WILL THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE SAY ABOUT THIS?
NO WONDER I COULDN'T FIND HIM IN TIBET!

THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN WAS HERE IN MOCKING-BIRD HEIGHTS ALL THE TIME!
WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY TELL ME THESE THINGS!

YOUR ORDERS SIR EGBERT?
SURROUND THAT HOUSE! IT MUST BE HIS LAIR! WE'RE GOING TO CAPTURE HIM!


GIGGLE! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!... I'VE FOUND HIM AT LAST!
SIR...WHAT ARE YOUR FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN?

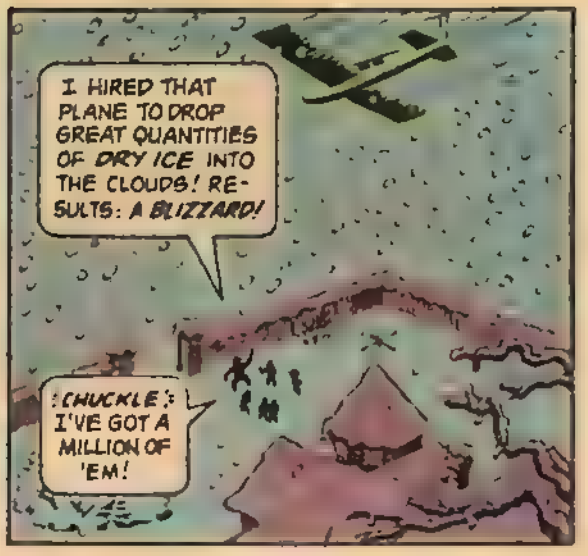
ABOMINABLE, ISN'T HE?

THAT NIGHT..
HEY, POP! I SEE A WHOLE LOT OF EYES OUTSIDE! SOMETHING'S COMING CLOSER... CLOSER!
¡SIGH! TERMITES AGAIN!
BATS I HAVE KNOWN
I'LL GIVE THE LITTLE CREATURES SOMETHING TO EAT!
IT'S DARK ENOUGH TO RUSH THE HOUSE!
STAND BACK! THIS COULD BE DANGEROUS!
THERE YOU ARE, TERMITES!
THUD!
SLAM!
SEE WHAT I MEAN?

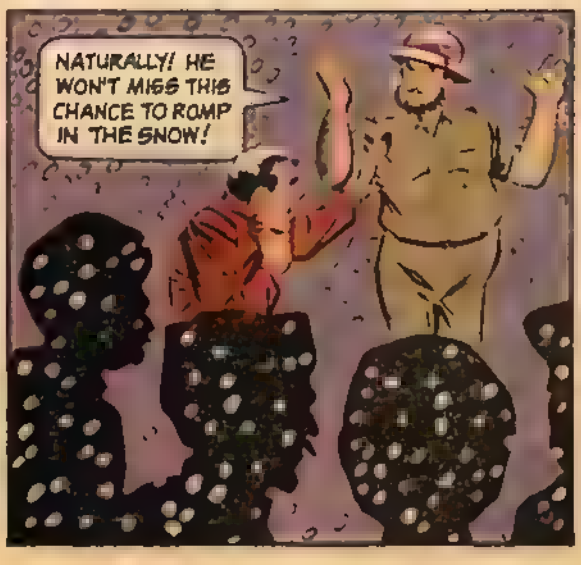
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG HERE .. AND I CAN'T QUITE PUT MY FINGER ON IT...
ABOUT THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN?
THAT'S IT! NO SNOW!
BUT, SIR EGBERT! THIS IS JULY!
DON'T BOTHER ME WITH INCIDENTALS!
TO TRICK THE ABOMINAL SNOWMAN, WE MUST HAVE SNOW! WE MUST HAVE SNOW!
SHORTLY...
HERMAN, YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS . IT'S SNOWING!
AWW!
NOW I WON'T BE ABLE TO GO SURFING TOMORROW...
Surf King
GRANDPA, HAVE YOU BEEN FOOLING AROUND WITH THE WEATHER AGAIN?
NO!

NOT SINCE I WHIPPED UP A TORNADO TO DRY YOUR WET WASH ON THE LINE!
WHOOPEE! LET'S GO OUT AND PLAY IN THE SNOW!

INGENIOUS, SIR EGBERT! HOW DID YOU MANAGE... SNOW?
VERY SIMPLE!

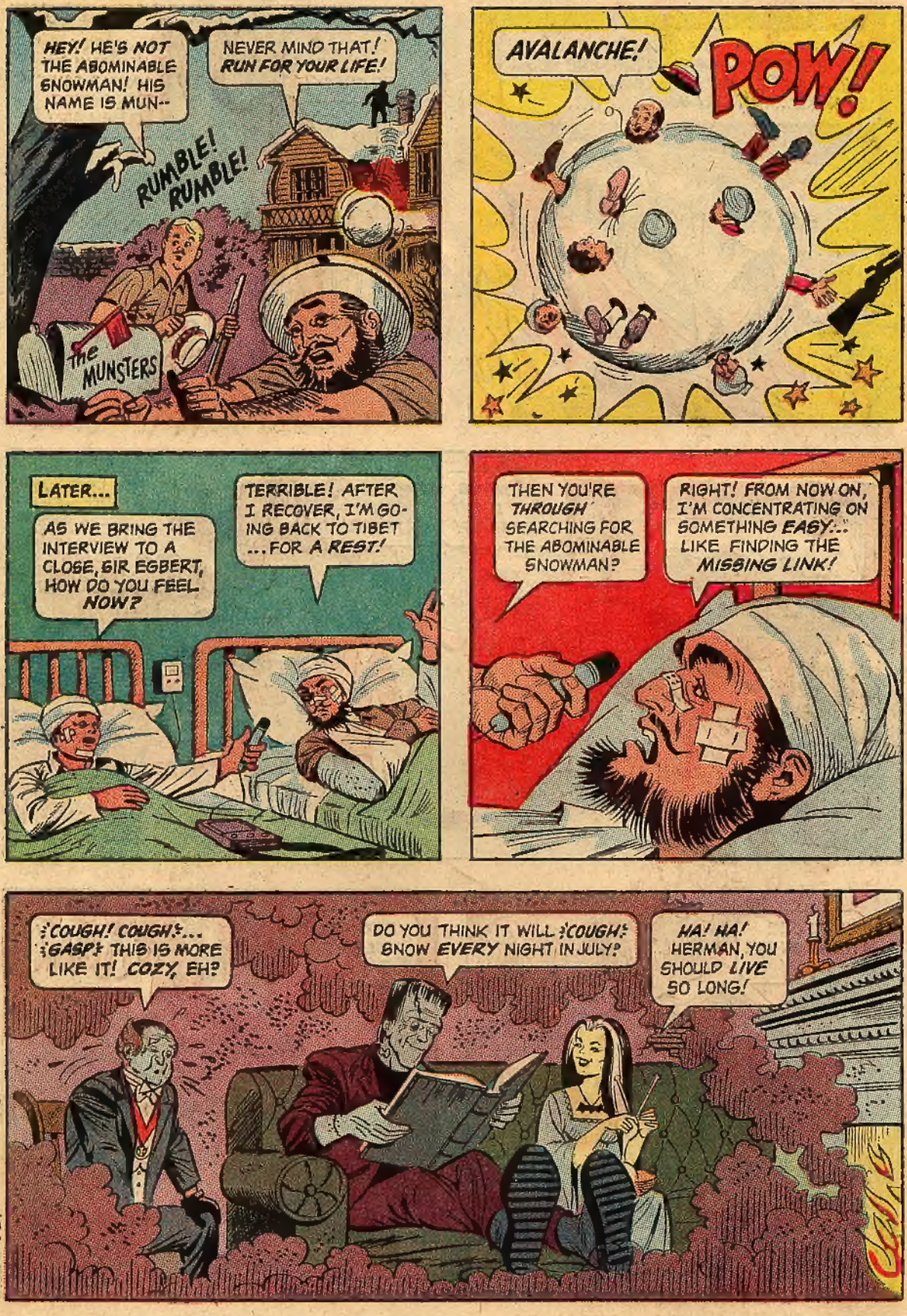

I HIRED THAT PLANE TO DROP GREAT QUANTITIES OF DRY ICE INTO THE CLOUDS! RESULTS: A BLIZZARD!
CHUCKLE! I'VE GOT A MILLION OF 'EM!

WHEN THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN COMES OUT... DROP THE NET ON HIM!
AR-ARE YOU SURE HE'LL COME OUT?

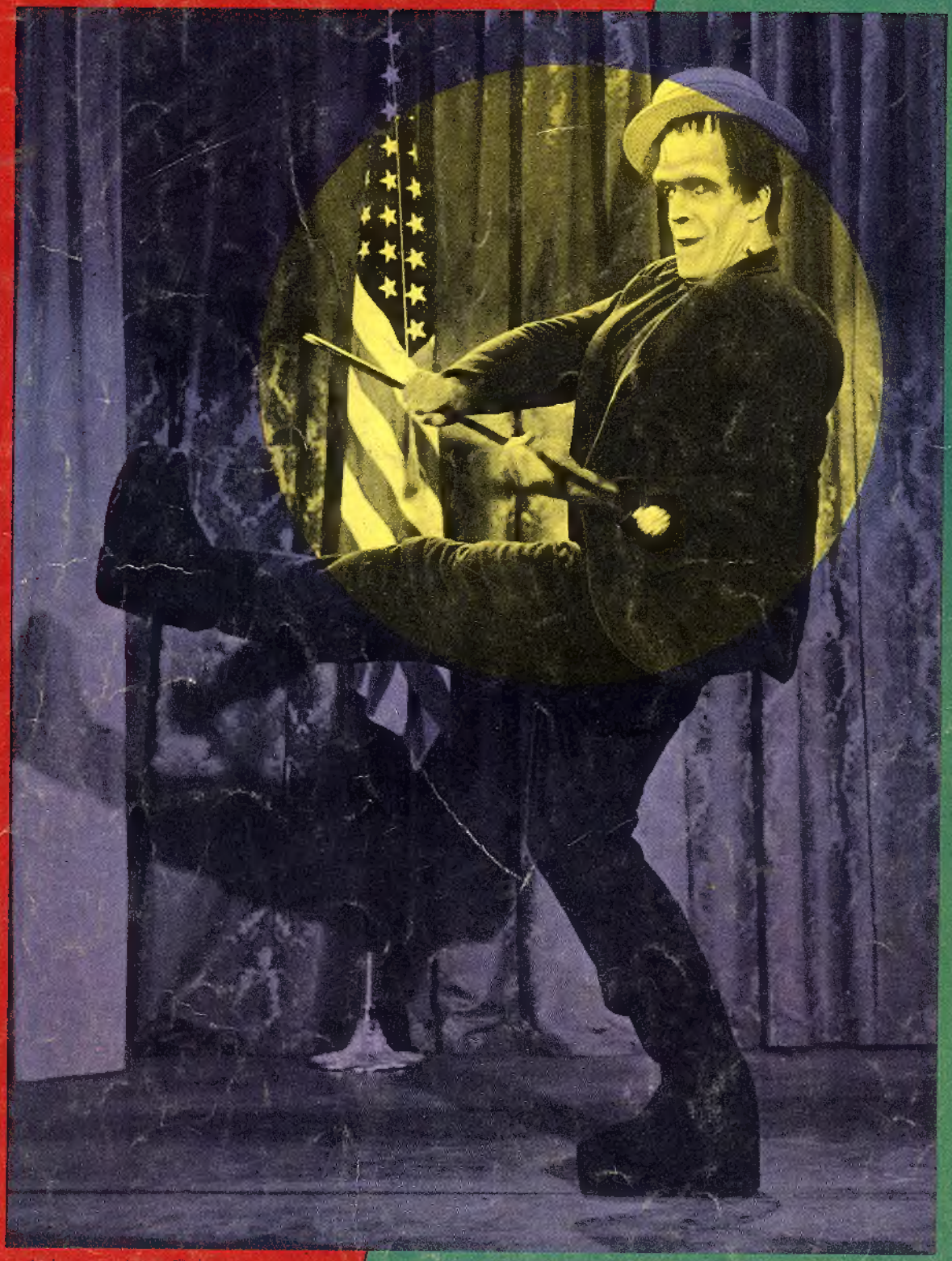

NATURALLY! HE WON'T MISS THIS CHANCE TO ROMP IN THE SNOW!

YIPPEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
ONCE {GROAN} AGAIN... SEE WHAT I MEAN?
YOU NEED REINFORCEMENTS, SIR! PERHAPS IF YOU... CALL OUT THE MARINES!
MR REPORTER, PLEASE! I'D RATHER DO IT MYSELF!
FORM A SKIRMISH LINE!
WE'RE GOING TO STORM HIS LAIR!
Surf King
DON'T YOU JUST LOVE A ROARING FIRE ON A SNOWY JULY NIGHT?
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE FIREPLACE!

ALL THE SMOKE IS GOING UP THE CHIMNEY INSTEAD OF BACKING INTO THE ROOM AND MAKING EVERYONE COUGH AND CHOKE... THE WAY WE LIKE IT...
I'LL GO UP ON THE ROOF AND CHECK!
HURRY, HERMAN! YOU KNOW I CAN'T TAKE GOOD CLEAN AIR!
FOLLOW ME, MEN! DON'T BE AFRAID!
IT'S NOW OR NEVER!
TH-THERE HE IS! ON THE ROOF!
GULP!
PERHAPS A SLIGHT TAP...
CLUNK!


HEY! HE'S NOT THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN! HIS NAME IS MUN--
NEVER MIND THAT! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
RUMBLE! RUMBLE!
THE MUNSTERS
AVALANCHE!
POW!
LATER...
AS WE BRING THE INTERVIEW TO A CLOSE, SIR EGBERT, HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW?
TERRIBLE! AFTER I RECOVER, I'M GOING BACK TO TIBET ...FOR A REST!
THEN YOU'RE THROUGH SEARCHING FOR THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN?
RIGHT! FROM NOW ON, I'M CONCENTRATING ON SOMETHING EASY!.. LIKE FINDING THE MISSING LINK!
:COUGH! COUGH!:... :GASP!: THIS IS MORE LIKE IT! COZY, EH?
DO YOU THINK IT WILL :COUGH!: SNOW EVERY NIGHT IN JULY?
HA! HA! HERMAN, YOU SHOULD LIVE SO LONG!

GRANDPA MUNSTER MAGICIAN



THE MUNSTERS PIN-UP